



Cabby (on receiving his legal fare). "HOW, PRAY STEP HIN AGIN, SIR. HI C'D HA' DRUV YER HA YARD HOR TWO FURTHER FOR THIS 'ERE!"

PRIVATE VIEWS: MOSTLY UNPOPULAR.

No. I.—SHOUTING MILLIONAIRES.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that I want to be a millionaire. There is, of course, nothing original in this desire: millions of men before me have had the same wish, and some of them have gone so far as to gratify it. They have been urged on to their desperate deeds chiefly, no doubt, by the mere desire for money in the first place, and secondly by the force of habit which has driven them submissively along the money-making road when once they had got fairly started upon it. But I do not want to become a millionaire gradually: the mere process of acquiring sovereigns, bank-notes, bonds, stock, scrip, balances, companies, manufactories, parasites, butlers, houses, pictures, carpets, statues, and newspapers, has no attraction for me. At the end, on finding myself in full possession of all these luxuries, I should probably find myself a doddering veteran with no power left to me of enjoying even the adulation of a stock-jobber. No; I want to be a millionaire now, while I am still vigorous and fresh, without the least delay, and my reason is that I notice there are more

paragraphs devoted to millionaires by our daily press than to any other phenomenon of the Century.

How glorious it must be to know that you cannot turn over in bed, or turn over your money, or turn an epigram, or do any other of the many possible turns without having the astounding fact chronicled by an army of reporters concealed for purposes of promptitude and convenience in every part of your house and your accustomed haunts. You launch a new gospel, and behold, every leader-writer becomes your evangelist. You found an institute, and are immediately glorified. You double your capital, and every morning paper hails you as a Saviour of Society. You take a driving tour, or compile a blustering democratic farrago of inflated rubbish in the shape of a book, and you get a full account of your coaching deeds, and a column of review on the day of publication. Not even a preposterous speech, in which you advise Englishmen and Scotchmen to upset the Monarchy and become even as the Brazilians, can alienate your admirers. Great are the uses of advertisement backed by millions of money. Therefore I desire to be a millionaire. Am I wrong? Yours,

THE VAGRANT.

A WONDERFUL FLUID.

[In a lecture at the Royal Institution on "Pictures produced on Photographic Plates in the Dark," Dr. W. J. Russell stated that *Punch* uses ink of very great activity, which makes a most emphatic and unmistakable impression.]

You whose cares and cares of life,
Weary toil or wordy strife,
Still depress your courage weak;

To such ills as a corrective
If a "pick-me-up" you seek
Warranted to prove effective,
When your jaded spirits sink
Try a little "*Punch's Ink*."

'Tis with many a virtue fraught,
Quip and crank and "happy thought,"
From hard facts it strikes a spark
(Though their substance dull and gross is),
Wit from dulness, light from dark
It evolves by magic process;
Makes on natures though phlegmatic
An impression most emphatic.

Then, take heart! my feeble verse
Though its merits to rehearse
You employ a pen that's dipt
In the common garden juices,
Faintly though in manuscript
You attempt to prove its uses,
From the "proof" you need not shrink
When arrayed in "*Punch's Ink*."

THE CROWN PRINCE of GERMANY is learning carpentry, and proves an apt pupil. When he grows up he will be able to make and unmake Cabinets as well as his father.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. XV.

THE ABDUL UN-EASY CHAIR.

This quaint piece is after many Turkish designs. It has a somewhat hazardous tenure at Yildiz Kiosk. It was much damaged in Armenia, but was newly upholstered and greatly strengthened two years ago by a Greek artist. It is now going to the Peace Conference, where it may be altered according to some novel designs of WILLIAM II.



A ROW IN THE PARROT-HOUSE.

The Compl-E-an-ym-a Bird. "WHAT A NOISE THEY'RE MAKING! I CAN HARDLY HEAR MYSELF SHRIEK!"

THE BITTER CRY OF LORD NORTHAMPTON.

[The Marquis of NORTHAMPTON, in proposing the toast of "The Institute of Journalists" recently, is reported to have said that, "It was one of the saddest points of our national character at the present moment that wit and humour, at all events in literature, seem to have departed. He asked in vain for a book, a story, or a newspaper, which would make him smile, which would make him laugh."]

I.

A GLOOM o'erspreads the Nation's brow,
Which bears the seal of sadness stamped on.

Its humourists no longer now
Arride the Marquis of NORTHAMPTON!

II.

With modern efforts to amuse
Still would he conscientious tussle—
But no devices authors use
Can make the Marquis move a muscle!

III.

To daily papers he descends,
Searching for Humour every column;
But over none of them unbends,
Becoming more profoundly solemn.

IV.

The comic journals next he tries,
Compares, and sadly scrutinises—
Only to spot with eagle eyes
Old chestnuts under new disguises!

V.

For "Funny Men" have grown so dull,
E'en Titled Persons find them boring!
Useless as *Mr. Yorick's* skull
To set their dinner-tables roaring.

VI.

And last he burns the midnight oil
O'er Fiction, (for he's bent on frivolling!)
Tries KIPLING, BARRIE, HOPE, and DOYLE—
But finds them dreary, if not drivelling!

VII.

His belted sides refuse to split,
In fact, he grows the heavier-hearted;
The obvious inference is that Wit
And Humour must have both departed!

VIII.

And that our stores of Fun are spent,
Of jokes no journalist can do more
And every "literary gent"
Is lacking in the sense of humour

IX.

Of gaiety the world's bereft,
If sense of humour once forsake it;
One solitary Marquis left
To see a joke—with none to make it!

X.

With yearning he is grey and grim
To laugh until his form is limper.
Will no one write a tale for him
To make him smile—or even simper?

XI.

Where is that bold new humourist,
With tilting-helm securely clamped on,
Whose lance may, by some dexterous twist,
Succeed in tickling Lord NORTHAMPTON?

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.—"Wanted, to buy a Jungle, in good condition." This is evidently the advertisement of a millionaire; but why advertise in the *Birmingham Daily Post*? A colonial newspaper, we should have thought, would have been more to the purpose.

THE most important dossier in the DREYFUS case is that which contains the missing documents.



Uncle Tom. "GENERAL STOBBS IS ONE OF THE BRAVEST MEN THAT EVER LIVED." "
Bobbie. "I DON'T BELIEVE IT, UNCLE; WHY, I HEARD HIM TELL MAMMA AT DINNER
LAST NIGHT THAT HE WAS AFRAID OF PLUM PUDDING!"

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES.

MANAGER FROHMAN intends, so it is said, to bring over a company from America with Miss MAUDE ADAMS to play *Juliet* "for one week only" in London, and then back again to New York. The next newest thing will be a Transatlantic Theatrical Company's Steamer, with theatre built up inside complete, boxes, stalls, dress circle, gallery, and pit, on the self-preserving equilibrium plan, so that in the roughest weather a performance can be given and enjoyed by an audience of passengers without moving from their seats. Pieces will have good runs round the world, fresh audiences embarking at different ports, and returning by another steamer, playing a different programme.

There can be tragedy steamers, comedy steamers, and Shakspearian and Variety steamers of all sorts. Good orchestras. Critics not to be given free passes: and new pieces brought out for the first time in mid-ocean. Perhaps Mr. FROHMAN is already in consultation with some eminent ship-building firms in the North, and will commence his first sea-tour with *The Tempest*, and *Still Waters Run Deep* for the second night. *The Wreck Ashore* must not be in the programme.

TO AN OLD TUNE.

In the merry month of May
Take care,
Beware!
The weather's so fickle! You
Change to clothes for Summer day,
So thin!
Then Win-
ter winds will tickle you.

BECAUSE the traffic in the City has become increasingly congested, it has been decided to send seventy-three more men into it. How will that help to reduce the crowding? Well, you see, the seventy-three men are all constables.

First Man in the Street. Isn't CECIL RHODES quite a NAPOLEON?

Second Man. Well, he "goes Nap" anyhow; and as to *bons a part*,—he knows all about that.

A "MAY MEETING."—It is hoped that Mr. KRÜGER and Sir A. MILNER may meet. Some promise in this May.

"SOMETHING ON FOOT."—A boot.



CONTROVERSIAL.

Cyclist. "A' CANNA UNDERSTAND IT, MEENISTER. A' NEVER THOUGHT TO GET A FALL WITH MY FREE-WHEEL."

Minister. "FREE-WEELL, INDEED! ALLOO ME TO TELL YE, FRIEND, YERE THEOLOGY'S AS BAD AS YERE RIDING!"

A THOROUGHbred.

After "A Double Thread" (by the author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby").

"NOTHING in a woman, my dear ETHELFRIDA, betrays such lack of social *savoir faire* as the habit of telling fibs," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON. "No sensible man ever believes that a woman means what she says; and that makes it so much safer to tell the truth. That's how I married WOLVERHAMPTON. I told him I had never cared for any man, and he at once became jealous—as I meant he should. If a woman ever becomes a bishop-elect it will be quite useless for her to say, '*Non volo episcopare*.'"

"By your ladyship's leave, is it not '*Nolo episcopari*'?" said Lord BATHBRICK.

"If you were not a man, BATHBRICK," replied Lady WOLVERHAMPTON, "you would know that knowledge of the Classics is such bad form in a woman; almost like working for your living. But, talking of the sexes, I wonder, ETHELFRIDA, that you have never married any one. It seems such an oversight; the sort of thing that is inexcusable in a well-bred girl."

The heiress turned a cynical eye upon her visitor. "It would be worth while to be a beggar-maid," she said, "if one could make sure of being taken in to dinner by COPHETUA. As it is, I am modest enough to believe that my money is the only reason for my popularity."

"And a very good reason too, my dear," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON, "if you *must* have one; though there is nothing so unreasonable as a good reason. No man ever yet married a woman for herself, seeing that he could have no possible means of knowing what her actual self was like. They marry us for our hair, or our faces, or the virtues they think we have, or the money of which they are quite certain. And none of these, not even our hair, is an essential part of our permanent selves."

"But I thought, dear lady," interrupted Lord BATHBRICK, "that you always said your husband married you for yourself."

"There you are wrong, BATHBRICK. It was *I* who married him. I got quite a respect for him through never noticing him when he was there, or being able to remember what he was like when he was away. An excellent test of good style. Your well-bred person should have no manners; none, at least, perceptible to the eye. Just as when you ask a man what sort of gown a woman was wearing at a ball, it has always escaped his notice, unless it was either overdone or underdone. And that reminds me that I could never see either sense or grammar in the saying, *Manners maketh man*. Man is born that way, he isn't made."

"Non fit, in fact," suggested Lord BATHBRICK.

"I can't imagine, my dear ADELINÉ," said ETHELFRIDA, with her slight nasal drawl, "how you contrive to say all those clever things on the spur of the moment. How do you do it? I'm always trying."

"Don't be satirical, my dear," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON; "it is bad manners, and doesn't suit your child-like cast of countenance. The thing is so simple that it is naturally inexplicable. I just jot down these little *jeux d'esprit* as I work them out in bed, or at church, or when WOLVERHAMPTON is talking to me; and then I run through them before paying calls or receiving people. No impromptu ever has a true air of spontaneity unless it has been 'made at leisure.'"

"A most original paradox, my lady," said Lord BATHBRICK.

"I wish, BATHBRICK, you would not keep on throwing my title in my teeth," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON. "Such things are taken for granted and never mentioned among well-bred people. They ought to resemble the abstract noun in the definition of the small board-school girl: 'An abstract noun is a thing that every one knows of but nobody talks about—like *Mary's leg*.' As for paradoxes, I begin to fear their mode is passed; the latest piquancy is only to be found in truisms. Nowadays, if you say in the good old-

fashioned manner, "Charity is the one unpardonable sin," nobody pretends not to understand you; whereas if you say, "There is nothing so essentially feminine as a woman," people suspect a hidden meaning and try to conceal their uncomfortableness."

"But how do you manage," asked ETHELFRIDA, "to run off all these epigrams in the course of a conversation without any apparent solution of logical continuity?"

"Tact, my dear, tact. To absorb the conversation yourself is a sign of ill-breeding; nice people reach the same result by ignoring interruption; or, what is better still, and corresponds to the sleight-of-hand by which a card is forced, you compel the others involuntarily to lead up to your next remark. This is easy enough in books where the author has it all his own way; but in real life it requires tact, as I just now observed."

"But suppose you found yourself conversing with somebody possessed of equal tact?" asked ETHELFRIDA, with that slight air of *ennui* which is characteristic of spoilt women of the world.

"I never do," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON. "It would be too tiresome sitting there like a Christy Minstrel with a black face saying funny things in your turn."

"Yes," said Lord BATHBRICK, "and beginning every time with 'That reminds me of a story.'"

"I know: and it never really does remind them. What they mean is, 'Your stupid interruption nearly put my next good story out of my head. It was about, &c.'"

"I wonder," said ETHELFRIDA, with a touch of bitterness at the thin end of her tongue, "that you have never written a book. It would be so very clever."

"My dear," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON, "I can't afford to do it. It would be like killing the goose that lays the oof. Besides, it might have a vulgar success; and that would be so tiresome. And then I could never manage the plot. You see, well-bred people hardly ever have plots in their lives. The very word always makes me think of a kitchen garden in a pauper's allotment. I once had an idea about a girl like yourself, blest with all the good things of life, including a pretty face and a long tongue, with which she lashed every lover whom she suspected of wanting her money. But at last the real Dan Cupid, as she called him, came her way. He was quite a nice boy, and sound on vaccination and that sort of thing, but he fought shy of her money and her long tongue. She had never been in love before, and she was much too clever to understand how so easy a thing is done. So she thought she would get a testimonial of his honesty, as if he were applying for a place as butler."

"Or cook?" suggested Lord BATHBRICK.

"Or cook, as you say. But don't interrupt me, BATHBRICK. Well, she gave out that she had a destitute twin sister, hopelessly estranged, and no better than she should be. This twin was the speaking image of her, only dressed dowdily, and with her hair done just anyhow. And the nice boy met the penniless girl and fell in love with her. Twin No. 1 had only got to frumple her hair, put on a misfit and shorten her tongue, and she was transformed, as by magic, into twin No. 2; and the nice boy would never have found out that there was only one of them, if she had not confessed. And then he was sick to death at the trick and said she was no gentlewoman. You know how touchy men are on these ridiculously trivial points of honour."

"Yes, I know," said ETHELFRIDA; "whereas you, dear, would consider that you had been untrue to your feminine instincts if any man suspected you of having scruples."

Lady WOLVERHAMPTON took a short breath abstractedly.

"Well," she continued, "the girl apologised; which, of course, no womanly girl would ever do; with the result that he ran away and went on with being a soldier somewhere in India. Oh, of course she got him back all right in the last chapter; but the whole thing was too absurd for words. Not that that matters much with the public: they forgive an improbably stupid plot, if only the dialogue is impossibly clever; which mine was. But, as I said, I found I could not afford to publish all my best epigrams, with openings to match. And that reminds me that I must be off, as I have some people to dinner, and there is a new phrase-book to run through. Good-bye, my dear; so many thanks for your charming conversation. Come along, BATHBRICK."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 8.—House crammed. It is the opening night. *Lohengrin*. H.R.H. present and all the Directors. Everybody pleased with themselves, performance, and with everybody else.

Chorus perhaps a little unsatisfactory, but principals first-rate. A charmingly sympathetic *Elsa* (a *débütante* with a future before her), and the great Hungarian tenor in fine form and in perfect voice. *Lohengrin* always popular. Good commencement.

Tuesday.—Absence of any particular wind instrument from



"I'M GOING TO THE FLAREUPS 'AT HOME' TO-MORROW NIGHT."
"WHY, ALL THE NOBODIES OF LONDON GO THERE!"
"HAVE YOU BEEN YET, DEAR?"

orchestra not noticeable, but one of them must have got round to the front—a trumpet perhaps playing blasts of its own accord—as there was an "eager and a nipping air"—a *courant d'air*—about the installed legs. Whence? It was an ill wind that blew no particular good to any one, as it had blown away Royalty and left only a few of the swell regulars and regular swells, also Sir CHARLES HALL—there-when-the-bell-rings in the Omnibus, with Signor MANCINELLI as conductor. Strange how the once fresh delights of *Cavalleria Rusticana* begin to pall upon one, or two, or more for the matter of that. Herr DIPPEL, as *Turiddu* (name always sounding like commencement of comic chorus and belonging to a character who ought to be opposed to Tolderol), was much and deservedly applauded. Mme. LOUISE HOMER-SWEET-Homer was a fascinating *Lola*, and Mlle. STRAKOSCH a good *Santuzza*. But . . . alas! . . . For O, For O! *Cavalleria* is under ordinary circumstances played out; and so is *Pagliacci*. Miss MACDONALD was a captivating *Nedda*; but whether her voice can "carry over," as they say in the City, as far as it is wanted to go in Covent Garden, is questionable.

Wednesday.—A BIZET night. *Carmen*. ZELIE DE LUSSAN better than ever, and take her for all in all, it is doubtful whether, in this particular rôle, we shall ever look upon or hear her like again. A good performance altogether, especially the *Escamillo* of Mons. ALBERS, who sang and acted splendidly.

Thursday.—There's an improvement in the staging and lighting, though it needs a good deal of the very best electricity to lighten the Wagnerian *Tristan* and *Isolde*. Much enlightenment every way is necessary. Herr MOTTI conducted; and JEAN DE RESZKE sang and acted *Tristan* excellently well. Herr VAN ROOY was *Kurwenal*, which sounds like the name of a low bred dog of chap who is at the service of the highest bidder, a *Cur-venal*. (Hush! enter Wagnerian policeman in search of pun-maker. Exit without finding him. We breathe again!) Herr PRINGLE good, and Mme. LITVINNE as *Isolde* makes a most decided hit. How is her name pronounced? WAGGY says "Lit-vinne" is "Light wine," but this we venture to doubt.

Friday.—Good old *Faust* to finish the week. So the first syndicate season of the Opera commences well, but nothing very startling up to now. "A time will come," and a time too when Warbling WAGNER has Wanished.



AT A SUBSCRIPTION DANCE.

Mrs. Gushington. "AND SO YOU'RE IN THE CIVIL SERVICE! WHICH DEPARTMENT?"

Mr Potts. "THE GROCERY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSEURS, JAMES and HORACE, of the great English SMITH family, distinguished themselves from other SMITHS by writing a volume of such really wonderful parodies as has secured the duration of the SMITH Brothers' fame beyond the period ordinarily considered in the history of literature as "immortality." Excepting this solitary achievement there is very little that is really noteworthy in their pleasantly-written and very readable biography by Mr. BEAVAN (HURST AND BLACKETT).

"FRANK died quite conscious and quite, quite free from anxiety, though he left me with two helpless children, and one unborn, and very little money and no friends." Here, in a sentence, we have, my Baronite says, the keynote of the *Life of Mrs. Oliphant*, edited by Mrs. HARRY COGHILL, published by BLACKWOOD. FRANK was Mrs. OLIPHANT's husband. In spite of the taint of consumption, he married a hapless girl, and had three children, who after worrying the mother almost to death, died of the hereditary disease. If a man were to, inevitably if not deliberately, encompass the death of three innocent children by other means, he might be hanged. But the law has no provision for this not uncommon case. As for Mrs. OLIPHANT, she slaved daily, "keeping" everybody, including two worthless sons, whom she pinched herself to send first to Eton, then to Oxford. The book has not the literary value of the *Lives* earlier published of some of Mrs. OLIPHANT's compeers. She went very little into society, had no interesting circle of correspondents, and her own letters are chiefly filled with more or less pleasing incidents connected with the infancy and boyhood of "my TIDDY," and "my CECIL." Others are addressed to her publishers, urging the need of money to keep this dreadful family going. Incidentally these latter reveal the true-heartedness and generosity of the BLACKWOODS, brought out in fuller detail in Mrs. OLIPHANT's history of the House. "Whatever record leaps to light they never can be shamed." Mrs. COGHILL has, doubtless, done the best with the means at her disposal. But whilst the book lacks the peculiar attraction and charm looked for in kindred

works, it has one all its own in telling the story of a patient, courageous woman's life. In all her novels, Mrs. OLIPHANT has not revealed so sad a human story as is set forth in the chapters of autobiography that preface the collection of Letters.

A delightful old-world flavour, compounded of Scotch sea-captains, prim domesticity, quilts, presses, napery, and innocent simplicity was wafted about me when I made the acquaintance of *Miss Nanse* (author, SARAH TYTLER, publisher, JOHN LONG). Soon, however, the simplicity and the innocence were disturbed by the appearance on the scene of a gorgeous little Indian princess, married to a brutal Scot, who cruelly ill-treats her. Her short, unhappy life moves one to pity for her, to hatred of her husband. Also there appear two nabobs back from India, the coarse brothers of *Miss Nanse* and *Miss Matty*. But I have no space to do more than say that the story is interesting and delightful, abounding in unforced humour and knowledge of human nature. It is a pleasure to read the book, for it is the work of an artist whose touch is always delicate, and whose skill and sympathy never fail.

Permit the Baron to recommend *Mr. Passingham*, by THOMAS COBB (JOHN LANE). It is a simple yet absorbingly interesting story, only an episode in a life-time, admirably told, mainly in crisp dramatic dialogue, without a note of false sentiment. The characters speak for themselves; and an uncommonly good account they give of themselves, too. The moral is that "Society's" absolutism is granted to any contravener of the moral law if he be of sufficient wealth and importance to pay Society's price. *Voilà tout.*

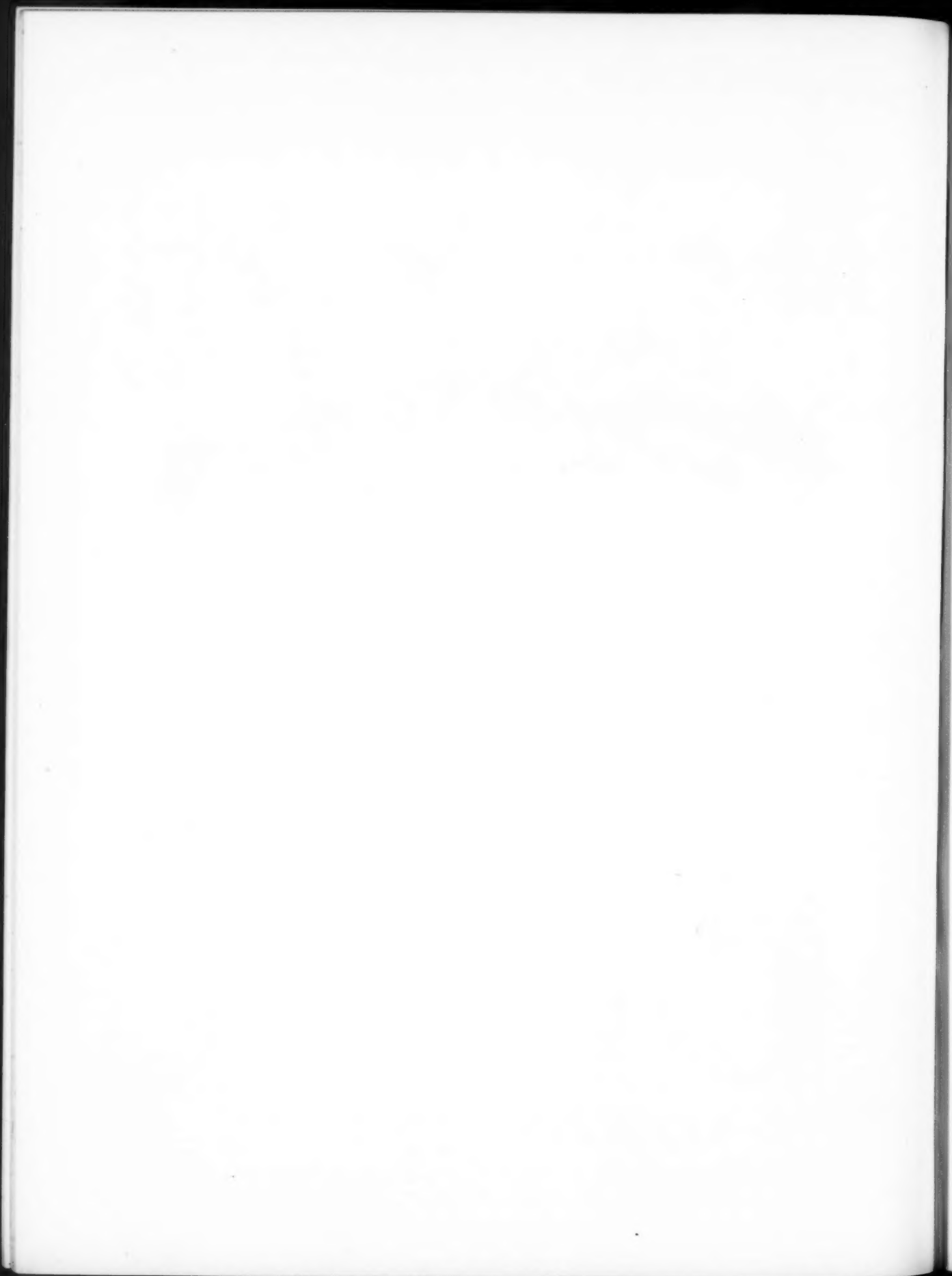
THE BARON DE B.-W.

SOCIÉTÉ EQUESTRE DE L'ÉTRIÉR.—The *Daily Graphic* last week gave us a picture of mounted equestrians, representing ladies and gentlemen who are members of "the Stirrup Club," in Paris. This sounds more imperialist than revolutionary. The Napoleonic idea was always connected with the prancing horse. At all events it is not a revolutionary body; it is a "Stirrup Club," not a "Stir Up" Club. To the members we drink a "Stirrup Cup"!



"WAKE HIM UP!"

FARMER BOLT. "IF THAT DOG OF YOURS CAN'T KEEP THE SHEEP FROM STRAYING, I MUST GET YOU ANOTHER!"





Tom (who has dined). "DO MIND WHERE YOU ARE GOING! YOU'LL BE TREADING ON MY PAIN DIRECTLY!"

TO PARIS AND BACK.

"*Parigi! O cara!*" Paris! O dear! uncommonly dear, too, if you do the thing in style and put up at that truly splendid and luxurious hotel *qui s'appelle* "Ritz." The name in English is suggestive rather of bailiffs, debtors, legal proceedings, and hard-upishness generally, than of millionairism, that is, if spelt "Writs." Forty or fifty francs per diem for a lodging *chez* Ritz, however luxurious, is just a franc or so beyond what even the extra-ordinary *voyageur* is inclined to go. I should want a hundred loan power crane to raise that amount. Now, how would I parcel out the Hotel Ritz? On consideration, thus:—*Au premier*, Emperors and Empresses, &c.; *au deuxième*, Kings and Queens; *au troisième*, Princes and Royal Highnesses generally; *au quatrième*, Dukes, &c.; and so on up to the top storey. As to where ordinary Marquises and Barons would come in, well—that's quite another storey. The less exalted the rank the higher the *étage*. My advice is, become a number in any reasonable hotel, and then be free to breakfast and dine out where you will. Don't forget, amid your numerous engagements, to breakfast once or twice at *la brasserie-restaurant Mollard en face de la Gare St. Lazare*, and to dine at the Restaurant Marguery, next to the Gymnase. Such is your friend's straight tip.

I have exclaimed as above "*Parigi! O cara!*" but I must alter my song to "*O Paris! Untidy!*" The untidiness of the boulevards! For three days, morning, noon, and night, the Boulevard des Italiens, on the left-hand side going towards the Porte St. Denis, was strewn with torn paper, just as if there had been an autumn fall of book leaves and newspaper cuttings. No brightness nor smartness, though the weather was lovely. As to the thoroughfares, they were all more dangerous than ever, in consequence of motor cars at high pressure, and bicyclists at top speed, being added to the reckless driving of *cochers*, which is far worse than that of the most dashing hansom cabman who, but for the police, would make our London crossings fatal to life and limb. What is crossing the Atlantic to crossing from one side of the boulevards to the other, or even from getting safely from the Café de la Paix to the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines? So many Frenchmen are *décourés*; is there a bit of red riband given for saving life at street-crossings, or for gallantry in escorting females through the perils of a Parisian thoroughfare? The few *sergents de ville* to whom is confided the control (!) of the traffic at certain points, do it after the manner of good fairies in pantomime commanding a transformation, and getting a great effect out of the adept use of an awkward-looking magic wand, in the shape of one of our constable's staves, only coloured white. But the constables are not always on the crowded spots, and there are a majority of crowded spots where there are no constables. Well, say what you like about "gay Paree," but "gie me Peebles for pleasure."

Having seen IRVING perform the marvellous feat of transforming himself into a semblance of the great NAPOLEON, I was curious to learn how COQUELIN would make himself up for the same historical

personage at various epochs of his career. Ahem! Whether as the Republican General, or as the Emperor in M. BERGERAT'S *Plus que Reine*, M. COQUELIN, as *Napoleon*, is more COQUELIN than ever. Mme. JANE HADING as *Josephine* is admirable. It is but a poor play at best, with a tawdry, waxworkian, spectacular effect of *Josephine's* coronation. Then at the Vaudeville there is another indifferent piece, *Madams de Lavalette*, by M. MORREAU, for which the acting of Madame RÉJANE, Messieurs LÉRAND, NUMES (admirable as *Louis the Eighteenth*), MAURY, and of others co-operating in a numerous cast, achieves success. For a laugh, see *La Dame de chez Maxim*, by GEORGES FEYDEAU, at the Nouveautés, and not only for a laugh, it being the very broadest farce, but for a study of perfect comedy-acting on the part of M. TARRIDU and all concerned. M. GERMAIN, the same as ever, reminds me sometimes of TOOLE, sometimes of BROUGH, and he still affects the old French farce-actor's peculiar style of coming, as it were, out of the picture to take the audience into his confidence. All the actresses are uncommonly good, while sprightly Mlle. CASSIVE, who acts capably and dances and sings as well as she acts, is the very life and soul of the absurdity. It is not a piece for the "*Jeune personne*," *bien entendu*; but then so much depends on what sort of a young person she may be.

Now, advice gratis, to those who are going to Paris:—Visit the Salon in the morning between 10.30 and 1.30, when there is no crowd; but, in the afternoon, and especially should it be Summer weather, avoid the Salon, which is crowded by a mixture of all sorts at, if I remember aright, half a franc a head. But for a few woodland scenes, some wonderful reproductions of brass and copper domestic utensils, and a charming picture, "*La Servante*," by J. BAIL, there is not any extraordinary attraction to be found at a single visit among the three thousand works of art, exclusive of sculpture. There is one thing satisfactory to know, and that is, that a very fair luncheon is to be obtained on the premises at a fair price, and those gentlemen who like to spend a whole day at the Salon without being deprived of their post-luncheon cigar, can do so.

So back from our few days in Paris, thankful for having escaped in safety from the reckless drivers of cabs and motors, and from the scorching bicyclists; and, grateful for a quiet evening at Calais, and a dinner, not to be beaten by any *restauranteur* in Paris, at the Hotel Maritime, I return by the mid-day Calais-Douvres boat, set foot once again on the chalky shores of Old England, and send in this my account to your bureau, signing myself

LE VOYAGEUR VOLATIL.

THE NECESSARY KIT.

"[A housewife will in future form part of the free kit of necessities."—*Army Order*.]

It 'as long been my opinion, as a sodger and a man, That I couldn't get on proper, not without yer, SAIREY ANN; Well, now 'ere's the latest horder—just yer take a read of it— That a housewife shall be portion of the necessary kit.

Oh, them horders! Ain't I cussed 'em! Oh, the shockin' words I've said!

But now for once, my SAIREY, I 'm a-blessin' 'em instead. Yus, they misses pretty horfen, but at last they've made a hit, For yer goin' to be a portion of my necessary kit.

They're to serve out housewives gratis, an' I only 'opes, my pet, That they'll let us TOMMINS choose ourselves the gals we wants to get.

'Twould be takin' of the gildin' off the gingerbread a bit If I got yer mar, for instance, in my necessary kit.

But we 'll 'ope the best, my SAIREY, though yer can't for certain tell, And I ain't got much opinion of them parties in Pall Mall, But for once they've put a bullet in the bull's eye, I 'll admit, If they makes my SAIREY portion of my necessary kit.

AN ADAPTATION FROM AN OLD FARCE.—In a piece played some years ago at the Gaiety, Mr. TOOLE had a catch phrase which soon became popular. It was, "Keep your eye on your father, and your father will pull you through." This saying, with "Reverend" introduced and the plural substituted for the singular, might be applicable to the present "ecclesiastical crisis." Say the Bishops to distressed clergymen and aggrieved parishioners, "Keep your eye on your Reverend Fathers, and your Reverend Fathers will pull you through." *So mote it be!*

THE following advertisement is taken from the *Birmingham Daily Post*:—

RIDDLE-MAKERS.—Men and youths wanted.—Apply, &c. Here's a chance for Conundrums!



CONSCIENTIOUS FLATTERY.

Boatman. "I CANNA MIND A FINER FISH FOR ITS SIZE!"

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

A CRUSHING REPLY.

We have received from a celebrated decorator a letter of such prodigious length that it would occupy three entire numbers of this journal. It is vastly longer than a letter published in the *Times* of the 6th. As we are unfortunately unable to devote so much space to this one communication, we publish portions of it.

SIR,—I am not accustomed to writing and grammar has never been my strong point but now, I have let others have their say, I feel impelled to write a letter something like one of Lord GRIMTHORPE'S, and which will teach them all to mind their own business though ever so much better than any letter he ever wrote. You see I can't bother about punctuation I just put a comma in here, and there. [Here we omit fifteen lines.]

I did not care two straws, for the American fellow but there was some Italian idiot wrote a letter to you who seemed to have gone, clean off his head. I should like to know how any Italian dares to dictate to an Englishman or to tell you, and I what we ought to do. At least he may tell you but not me. [Here we omit two pages.]

Why I have studied painting all over the world and then, some imbecile from Italy comes and says I don't understand architecture. What is an architect? Give it up? He's a builder. When is an architect not a builder? Give it up? When he's a

painter. I am a painter and one of the greatest painters, that ever [Here we omit thirty-one lines] and compared to who VELASQUEZ and REMBRANDT were mere nobodies. [Here we omit five and a half pages.]

Some fools seem to have a respect for WREN though he never travelled all over the world and could not paint even as badly as most other painters besides me for he never went farther than Paris and of course he liked a cold-blooded respectable bourgeois Nonconformist chilly Quaker Puritan bareness instead of beautiful bright green mosaics with yellow blobs and pink wallpaper patterns that the Italian fool said was like a lobster salad and now I come to think of it I remember I did have some lobster salad and a good plateful too the evening before I coloured the design of that part and that may interest you and the public generally not that I care for their opinion or yours come to that as a sort of anecdote for future *Lives of the Painters* or whatever they call the books and about the greatest painter in the world also. I can't waste time to put any commas into this. [Here we omit nine pages.]

But what I want to know is, how anybody dares to attack me or my friend the Dean whose portrait, you can see in the Academy and which is one of the three best or three only really good portraits there and each painted by me which was a great honour, for the Dean as you must admit. And who are these people? All asses of course. There are architects or, more correctly builders but they only interfere because

they think nobody knows anything about architecture but them, but they are just the very ones who don't know anything about it. There are painters but what business have they to interfere with a painter? There are outsiders but they are outsiders. That settles them. So there remains nobody but me, who is going on just the same even if they yell their heads off. [Here we omit eleven pages.]

If all these fools are furious I simply say, in popular slang as I said, to my friend the Dean whose portrait [Here we omit twenty lines] when he got so angry with those duffers who signed that memorial, "Keep your hair on." And if they answer as he did to me and which I thought was shockingly personal, "Get your hair cut," I shall reply with my accustomed dignity, "I prefer it long as it makes some fools think I am an artist," by which I mean of course that wise men know it already and only fools need an outward demonstration. [Here we omit eighteen pages.]

Yours, &c. U. B. BLOWEDMAN.

P.S.—I fear this letter is rather long as it is only introductory and just, meant to lead up to several much longer ones I will send you as soon, as I can get them written.

THE LATEST EARL'S CAUGHT EXHIBITION.
—The Marriage of Lord CREWE and Lady "PEGGY" PRIMROSE.

DARBY JONES'S TIP FOR THE DERBY.—Fox et gratæra nihil.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 8.—The insignificant world outside the walls of Westminster knows but little of our SOLICITOR-GENERAL. He is not reported in the newspapers, either verbally or picturesquely. If it were otherwise the world would still be lacking in full knowledge of one of its greatest men. It is not only what he says and what he does that make ROBERT BANNATYNE FINLAY a power. Where he sits and how he looks are also matters of import.

SARK remembers it was ever thus in quite altered circumstances. Years ago, when the dust of the earthquake still floated over the wreck of the Liberal Party, the member for Inverness preserved his old seat immediately behind the Front Opposition Bench, to which Mr. G. had been relegated. Not the least great of Mr. G.'s magnanimities was the manner in which he bore without sign of resentment the desertion of old friends and colleagues. Curious exception made in case of FINLAY. If he ventured to interpose in debate Mr. G. turned upon him with the particular blazing light in his eyes Mr. LECKY discovered and recorded. In a rare burst of anger he once in private conversation described the seceder as "sitting with his knees in our backs." To-day the ex-Liberal member for the Inverness Burghs sits in the opposite camp, his contiguity as comforting to PRINCE ARTHUR as it was disturbing to Mr. G. He does not often speak, but his mere presence suffuses over the Treasury Bench an atmosphere of legal lore and personal respectability worth more than £6,000 a year and fees. When he does speak he goes right to the point, wasting no words on the way.

To-night Committee on London Government Bill suddenly found itself confronted by what in his absence might have proved fatal difficulty. Amendment moved providing that a two-thirds majority present at a meeting of a borough council should actually vote on proposal to make elections triennial. A cautious member appealed to law officers of the Crown for legal definition of the word "present." SOLICITOR-GENERAL on his feet in a moment.

"The word present," he said, "means present."

"Do I believe that this here *Son and Heir's* gone down, my lads," said Captain



A FUTURE CHAMPION.

The Old Hand. "If he gets on like this I should be sorry to tackle him in a few years' time. Cleverest youngster I ever saw." (Sir W-ll-am H-re-rt and Lord H-ph C-c-l.)

Bunsby, when, on a famous occasion, consulted by Captain Cuttle and Florence Dombey. "Mayhap. Do I say so? Which? If a skipper stands out by Sen' George's Channel, making for the Downs, what's right ahead of him? The Goodwins. He isn't forced to run upon the Goodwins, but he may. The bearings of this observation lays in the application of it."

Observe how, whilst not lacking in the quality of oracularism, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's literary style is infinitely beyond Captain Bunsby's. By comparison, that great authority is positively verbose.

Business done.—In Committee on London Government Bill.

Tuesday.—MACLEAN, like traditional Britisher, never knows when he's beaten. Up again to-night wanting to know whether, now Blue Book is out, Ministers will give day for discussing Indian Sugar Duties. PRINCE ARTHUR, with the mild asperity of middle-aged father dealing with intractable child, blandly admits interest of topic. No one more than her Majesty's Ministers would find pleasure in discussing it—if only there were time. Of course, "if the authorised Leaders of the Opposition" demanded a day it would be different.

PRINCE ARTHUR's comprehensive glance along the benches opposite as he talked about the authorised Leaders was better than some plays. Starting from below the gangway, it rested for a moment on the suave countenance of the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. It flashed by JOHN DILLON and REDMOND AINE, sitting in sweet companionship at the corners of the back benches. Crossing the gangway it fell for a moment on Mr. STRADMAN and Mr. CALDWELL. It dwelt for a measurable space of time on the seat, empty for the moment, of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, brightening as it finally fell on the amused countenance of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, buttressed on either side by faithful henchmen.

The careful selection of the plural, and this accompanying look round, were more effective than an hour's speech on the fatal frailty of the Opposition.

Business done.—Getting on very well with the London Government Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR, after swearing he would ne'er consent to all sorts of things, liberally consents.

Thursday.—Being Ascension Day, Committees which usually meet at noon have doors closed against them up to two o'clock. This in order to give members opportunity of going to Church. JOHN ELLIS made blood-curdling discovery that the naughty Lords not only haven't been to Church, but have been at work in their Committees just as if it were an ordinary day! As soon as ever school opens up and tells the master.

"Please, Sir, why should we have to go to Church on a Thursday when the Lords don't?"

PRINCE ARTHUR taken aback by suddenness of inquiry and enormity of iniquity indicated; quite unusually embarrassed; falters forth reply about the Lords not sitting at all on Ascension Day, giving it up entirely to devotional exercise. JOHN ELLIS not to be put off in that way. Insists that Lords' Committees sat at usual hour whilst the Commons were supposed to be at Church. Driven into a corner PRINCE ARTHUR pettishly protests he "knows nothing about the Lords' Committees."

Here matter dropped; evidently cannot there remain. As JEMMY LOWTHER says, it's bad enough to have the Peers meddling in Parliamentary elections. But if when the Commons go to Church on Ascension Day they are to go about their ordinary business or pleasure, the thing must be looked into. Business done.—JOHN ELLIS puts his finger on a flaw in the Constitution of these realms.

Friday.—House still puzzling over JOHN MELLOR's riddle. He flashed it forth quite casually in the vigorous speech he contributed to debate on Church Discipline Bill.

"What is the difference between the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and a Bishop?"

Really, when we come to think of it, there's very little. Imagine DICK WEBSTER in shovel-hat and apron, cased in gaiters those manly legs that in Cambridge days



Mr. Solicitor "Bunsby." "The word present means present!"
(Sir R-b-rt F-n-l-y.)



PROVERBS REVISED.

D'scovery lately made by Jones when "tailing" an Otter.

"THAT A BIRD IN THE HAND IS NOT WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH," AT LEAST WHEN IT'S AN OLD DOG OTTER!

twinkled at surprising pace over the half-mile course, and you have an ideal Bishop. Was that what MELLOR was thinking of? He didn't say. With head drooped on one side in contemplative fashion he gazed across the Table at the plump figure seated by PRINCE ARTHUR, repeated and left unanswered his puzzled inquiry: "What is the difference between the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and a Bishop?"

SARK says there's much that's puzzling about the Episcopal Bench just now. Every day this week he has seen some two or three columns in the *Times* carrying the heading, "The Archbishops' Hearing." He hasn't time to read the article, and asks me, "What's the matter with the Archbishops' hearing? Is it failing? And if so, why this public fuss?"

Business done.—Finished off the Budget.

PENDING LEGISLATION.

["The House of Commons has passed—and the House of Lords rejected—a Bill requiring seats to be provided for snop assistants in Scotland."—*Daily Paper.*]

WAISTCOATS FOR CLERKS BILL, a Bill compelling employers to provide their clerks with red flannel waistcoats for Winter wear and white drill ditto for Summer.

MITTENS FOR MECHANICS (IRELAND) BILL, a Bill compelling manufacturers to provide mittens for their employees to wear before

and after work, and to see that they wear them.

HOT COCOA FOR JOURNALISTS BILL, a Bill compelling newspaper editors to provide hot cocoa for their staffs between the hours of midnight and six a.m.

PIANOS FOR DOMESTIC SERVANTS BILL, a Bill authorising domestic servants to claim from their mistresses the right to practise on the drawing-room piano daily between twelve and three.

OFFICE BOYS (HOURS OF RISING) BILL, a Bill relieving all office boys from the necessity of rising before nine o'clock during the Winter months.

GOLF FOR EVERYBODY (SCOTLAND) BILL, a Bill permitting all wage-earners to play golf between two and four in the afternoon without loss of salary.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS' PROTECTION BILL, a Bill reducing the thickness of the canes and doubling the thickness of the trousers in Public Schools in order that the latter may be a more efficient protection against the former.

Other measures for securing the comfort of the Individual at the expense of his neighbour are in process of drafting, and will doubtless be introduced as soon as these have been passed.

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

IX.—AT A RAILWAY STATION.

NEVER the time and the train

And the station all together!

My watch—set "fast" in vain!

Slow cab—and foggy weather!

I have missed the express again.

It was all the porter's fault, not mine,

But his mind is narrow, his brain is bleak.

His slowness and red tape combine

To make him take about a week

To label my bag—and he dared to speak,

When I bade him hurry, bad words, in fine!

O epithet all incarnadine,

Leave, leave the lips of the working-

man!

It is simply past

All bounds—aghast

My indignation scarce hold I can.

My watch may have helped to thus mis-

lead,

My cab by the fog have been stayed in-

deed;

But still, however these things may be,

Out there on the platform wrangle we—

Oh, hot and strong slang I and he,

—I and he!



RATHER SUGGESTIVE INSTRUCTIONS.